

# The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

VOL. 2.

BETHEL, ME., OCTOBER 26, 1860.

No. 45.

The Bethel Courier.

JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor.

N. T. FRYE, Editor.

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FRIDAY MORNING, Oct. 26, 1860.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—All persons indebted for subscription to the **BETHEL COURIER** for one year or more, are requested to make immediate payment.

## EDITORS.

"Why is it," said an intelligent lady in our hearing the other day, "that Editors always look so? They all wear a certain look, except as they run their fingers through it." Of course she made no allusion to us, but it set us to thinking how much the Editor of a paper has to do to meet the wants of his readers. Few persons are aware of the tact, skill in selecting, ability in writing, and aptness in seizing upon the items of news, especially of local news necessary to fill up a good paper. Editorial labor is the most like woman's work—never done.

He is to mean man who can get up a paper every week, which shall make the household feel glad that the paper has come. But few persons know how it takes the phosphorus out of a man to sit down and write a long editorial. When he is already jaded out, every page is a tax upon his energies under the most favorable circumstances. We have sometimes wondered how a minister can write out two sermons in a week. We occasionally write an address and we need six or eight days to do it; what then shall we write for the press, an equivalent to fifty two sermons a year?

Editors need to relax more for the purpose of relaxing their minds, and breaking up and changing their current of thought. Railroad and steamboat companies could do no greater favor to the reading public than to give free passes to the Editors of all regular papers. We have with our pen brought over our own railroad summer tourists enough to pay for a hundred passes and we should write better and feel better if we could ride up and down the road occasionally, and describe such objects as are deserving the attention of the tourist. We did not think of pursuing this train of thought when we commenced, but we throw out the hint for others rather than for ourselves.

Subscribers may do much to lighten the Editor's task, if they could send him items of interest as they may occur in their vicinity. It would add greatly to the interest of a local paper.

## OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

The Old Folks' Concert was held at the Congregational Church, on Thursday evening. It was listened to by a very large audience who were highly entertained with the performance. The singers appeared in costumes representing different periods of fashion and history. Master Barker appeared in the military dress of an American officer in 1812. Grandfather Rowell admirably represented the dress of a hundred years ago, and played the fiddle in good taste. Father Fanning appeared in his dove-colored coat and ruffled shirt of forty years ago. Master Barker and his bell-crowned hat and wide collar. Masters Nutting appeared in dress of fifty years ago. Master Bartlett was dressed in short breeches and stockings, and coat in the style of Gen. Washington. Mistress True appeared in the dress of a quarter century ago, with her high comb and wide wrought collar and in a bonnet of most ample dimensions in front, and which was originally worn at a Union of President Jackson at Washington. We thought she appeared decidedly handsome. Mistress Twitchell was dressed in a green broad silk which hung gracefully in rich folds. Miss Ellen Chapman dressed in her light brown silk and a white bonnet of a pattern a century old. Mistress Burbank wore a dress silk dress with a broad lace cape and a bonnet of wonderful dimensions in front. In looking under the front, her

face appeared at a great distance in the rear, utterly discouraging us from approaching any nearer. Grandmother Barker, at the apparent age of nearly ninety, acted her part admirably well, answering all questions proposed to her respecting the days of the Revolution. The ladies appeared without hoops.

The company appeared on the stage and singing: Old Hundred, the director, Dr. Barker, made a few appropriate remarks, stating that it was not their purpose to burlesque the customs and songs of our fathers, but to present them in contrast with the fashions and music of the present day. The performance consisted of music of "Ye Olden Times," sacred and secular, and was admirably executed. We think we have never heard a concert which afforded so much pleasure to an audience throughout as the one on this occasion. The precision, decorum, promptness, admirably trained voices, and sweetness of tone on the part of all the performers was such as we never before heard in singing those glorious old tunes. Mount Zion, Ocean, New Jerusalem, Strike the Cymbal, Song of the Old Folks, and others, still ring in our ears.

We understand they contemplate giving another concert in a few weeks, and also a few concerts in other towns during the winter, and we bespeak for those who shall hear them a rich treat they cannot fail of drawing large houses wherever they go.

Boston, Oct. 20th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much happy a day or two ago, by the receipt of one of your papers; and as I looked over its columns, and noted so many familiar names, which in their turn recalled so vividly the dear familiar scenes in which I was once an actor, the thought possessed me to sit down some leisure hour, and address you, in a chatty strain, which I now am attempting to do, and leave the better at your disposal, to be private, if perused and consigned to the waste paper department, or to be immortalized in print. I know how beautiful it is in Bethel, now; I can close my eyes, and call up a succession of enchanting pictures, which pass before my mental vision in such perfection and grace, that I awake from the reverie with a sigh for those merry school days, when I was a "thorn in the flesh" to my teacher, but as happy a "thorn," as could well be imagined. I know how the mountains are glowing under the magic touch of Autumn; how their brighter tints are deepened and blended with the distant blue, until but a faint undulating line marks the boundary between earth and heaven. Oh, even now I can almost feel the brisk buoyancy of the mountain air as it is moved by the invisible wing of Zephyrus, and comes floating to us fragrant with odors of pines and cedars which have waving their branches of undying green on every hillside. And then the sunset: the golden splendor of the West—melting into soft crimson, emerald, purple, and then to deepest blue—while one great star beams through the twilight where the sun went down; then come the countless myriads till the sky glows with beauty, and the moon hangs "like a silver bow" in their midst; the last sun-tints have faded and it is night.

Pardon my rambling, dear sir, and ascribe it to a most powerful inclination to be homesick, and my usual garrulity. The past week has been one of intense excitement in the good city of Boston. First came the great Republican—what do you call it?—on Tuesday evening. I stood with some friends at the corner of Shawmut Avenue and Union Park and had a fine view of the immense procession. It was two hours passing us. The scene was more like a dream, or an enchantment, than like the real Yankee demonstration it really was. The endless numbers that passed before the eye—the variety and splendor of the uniforms, the many torches, lanterns and transparencies, the numerous bands discoursing as they went the sweetest of sounds—all these

passed rapidly before the vision, combined to render the occasion as unusual and bewildering as it was impressive and beautiful. There were several companies of negro wild-awakes, who appeared about as commonplace and well behaved as their lighter colored brethren.

The affair, "par excellence" of the week, was the advent of that little modest scion of royalty, H. R. H. Albert Edward, Lord Kenfrew & Co. As a real live prince is quite a novelty in this country, Boston was literally filled, cramed, and jammed with people. The day of the review was a fine one, and the common was a sea of heads. Also immense crowds were stationed in every direction as far as could be seen. The troops, how many I know not, were stationed in order along the center of the common. Myself and friend were near the end of the line, and consequently were obliged to wait until the last for a glimpse of the "lion,"—but he came at last, attended by his suite, all mounted and in uniform, and as they passed along the line we had a fine view of the party. The prince was mounted on a horse magnificently caparisoned all in blue velvet and real gold. His slim figure clothed in scarlet uniform appeared to the best advantage, and he rode finely. As he raised his plumed hat in acknowledgment of the cheers of the populace, he exposed well lighted hair which with his "Roman" nose formed the most noticeable features about him. But after all his plumes, he suited fancy extremely well and they say he is a nice, agreeable, and modest young man, which latter characteristic could scarcely be applied with justice to most modern gentlemen.

I afterwards saw the general procession as it passed through South Market and ran again the noble party seated in open carriages. The Duke of Newcastle is an obese, red-faced gentleman, wearing a red coat elaborately embroidered with gold and sporting immense whiskers, which I was not impressed with any other unless it was Captain Gray, whose fine dark eyes have made quite a sensation in our midst. This is all my experience, for I was not one of the favored 1000 ladies present at the grand ball. "The more's the shame," but Mr. Editor, I have already written too much. Do excuse me, and accept my best wishes for yourself and friends. I remain, Yours truly, J. S. T.

"POKING FUN" AT NEW. The Editor of the Bethel Courier says:—"We suppose if the premium was extended to the most pithy coat, some of brother True's women folks would stand a good chance."—Eastern Farmer.

We have had very good clothes ever since we became an Editor. We send the old ones down East for the poor Editors. We saw the one presented to our Town Fair on the back of an Ex-Congressman the other day. He was not ashamed to wear it.

Our handsome friend, Dr. True of the Bethel Courier, says that "the ladies of Hallowell perform some queer things sometimes." And they will box your ears for you if you are at all impertinent—True as you live. Hallowell Gazette.

Impertinent to the ladies! We scorn such conduct. The Hallowell ladies have done a great work if they have boxed you about so as to fit you to go into good company. Nobody else could have done it.

New Corner—James E. Ayer has some of the best cider that we have tasted this year. It is the pure juice of the apple, without the addition of water, and is perfectly sweet. Try it.

Gods for November is still the delight of the ladies. We only wish Mr. G. could hear what they say about him.

THANKS GIVING. Gov. Morrill has appointed Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day for general Thanksgiving and Praise.

The following is a list of the names of the members of the Bethel Agricultural Society, who have been elected to the office of the Board of Agriculture, as provided in Chap. 58, Sect. 1st, of the Revised Statutes.

At New, Oct. 28, 1860. I will give you a little account of my journey home. When we arrived at Lawrence there was a large crowd at the depot. They requested me to hold my hat out of the window, which I did, when they showered the "needful" into it as I never expected to see in my life. Then, as the train moved on, we left them amid such cheers as I shall never forget.

At Dover, N. H., I received the like kind reception, and the worthy Mayor very kindly attended me over to Great Falls, and presented me with a ten dollar bill.

At Great Falls I met with the same kind reception as at Lawrence and Dover, and the ticket master of the Great Falls Branch Railroad invited me to a dinner that I enjoyed very much.

After leaving Great Falls I was received with hearty cheers all the way along until I arrived home.

I told them when I got home that "I had seen the elephant," and I was very glad to get home. I am in good health, and my friends think I am better than when I left home; I am sure that I am as well. I am very grateful for the honor done me by the invitation to visit Boston, and the many attentions which I received when there. I remember with special pleasure my visit to Bunker Hill, attended by the Charlestown city authorities, the military and music; also the addresses delivered on that occasion by the Mayor and Mr. Frothingham. I am also greatly indebted for the liberal sum of money and the many presents I received. My thanks, which is all I have to offer, seem but a poor return for so many favors. I ought especially to mention Mrs. W. Farrum Lee, and the company of Louisa, and Mayor Dana of Charlestown, and Mr. Gilmore's Concert Band, for their kind presents.

Though I am in my 105th year I am not past all usefulness. I split my own kindling wood, and build my own fire. I am the first one up in the morning, and the first one in bed at night. I never sleep or lie down in the daytime, but rise at five and retire at seven, and this I continue summer and winter. I have always been temperate, and for over thirty years past I have not tasted a drop of spirituous liquor, or even cider. I was never sick in my life so as to require the attendance of a physician. About twenty five years ago I broke my thigh by falling on the ice, and had a doctor to set it, but this is the only time a doctor ever attended me. I live on plain farmer's diet, drink tea and coffee, and eat a very light supper, never eating meat at supper. I have no doubt it is owing to these abstemious and regular habits, and the avoidance of medicine at all little ailments, that my life has been so prolonged.

I voted for Gen. Washington for President, and have voted at every Presidential election since, and hope to vote at the next election. This is the duty of every Christian freeman.

This letter, which my grandson has written at my direction, I have carefully read and approved, and I sign it with my own hand.

RALPH FARNHAM.

A spiky little campaign sheet called the *Noir and Then*, has just made its appearance at Springfield, Mass.—Its prospectus is a model document, worth remembering and imitating by some of the long-winded.

"The Now and Then" is published just as often as the proprietors see fit, and circumstances require. Its hope and desire is to see Stephen A. Douglass President of the United States. Its aim is to publish nothing but the truth, and as much of that as its columns will hold. Terms—single copies gratis; liberal discounts to clubs and news dealers.

CONVENTION OF THE BANGOR AGRICULTURE. We have seen the Eastern Farmer, a paper of a Convention consisting of a delegate from each society that would be entitled to a member of the board of Agriculture under the law of 1857, to meet at Waterville on Wednesday, the 11th day of November next, at 11 o'clock, A. M., to take such action as may be deemed expedient to induce the Legislature to enact a law giving to each society a member of the Board of Agriculture, as provided in Chap. 58, Sect. 1st, of the Revised Statutes.

NARROW ESCAPE. As Mr. Fitch, with his brother and sister, were riding down Main street in Lewiston, Friday evening, his horse became frightened and ran into another wagon containing Mr. John Goss, wife and child, breaking one of the axles of his wagon, and throwing the occupants of both wagons into the street. Miss Fitch received a slight wound in the back—and all escaped without serious injury.

The wife of a wealthy New York merchant wore a dress at the great Academy of Music Hall, the three flounces of which alone cost a thousand dollars each. The lace used upon the dress was only two hundred and fifty dollars a yard.

Near Grasshopper Falls, Kan., a famous drove of wild horses is seen; but so fleet are they that all attempt to capture the full grown horses are failures. The patriarch of the tribe is a chestnut horse, somewhat larger than the Morgan stock, is a mark for all pursuers, but has never been overtaken, although a reward of \$500 has been offered for the capture of this "Chestnut King."

It is very sickly in Dexter, in this State. The Bangor Times learns that there were four funerals there last Sunday, with two unburied. The disease is very fatal, and there is great difficulty in obtaining nurses and watchers for the sick on account of the supposed contagiousness of the fever, which appears to be endemic.

Never imagine you can stop the larks in your purse by getting tight.

The new mammoth bell for the Androscoggin Mill at Lewiston has been raised to its place. It weighs five tons, and says the Androscoggin, is inferior in weight to but to bells on the continent, one in Montreal, and the bell on the City Hall in New York.

The Snowdon Clarion says that the patrol some throat is fatally prevalent at Solon in that county.

The people of Lewiston are again agitating the subject of applying for a city charter.

LOOK OUT. The Androscoggin Times cautions the people against bills on the Merchants and Mechanics Bank, St. Anthony's Falls, Minnesota, which, it says, are being freely circulated. There is no such bank.

John C. Heenan was fined \$20 by Judge Hoyt, of Buffalo, on the 16th inst., for his participation in the prize fight between Price and Kelly, in Pittsboro, about a year ago. He promptly paid the fine.

The Atlantic Monthly for Nov. is at hand and from a hasty perusal we judge it to be one of the best numbers yet issued.

The editor of the New Orleans Delta says that many items that would have been of interest to his readers were spoiled in his pocket as he was swimming a lake to get to his office, during the late inundation.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER. The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher has just passed into his 86th year. The burden of age begins at last to rest upon him heavily, though not until four score years did he begin perceptibly to lose his normal vigour of body or mind. He still walks the streets, suffers no disease but the infirmities of age, and exhibits cheerful spirits though at times a wandering mind.

During the past summer he visited many of his old friends, and seven of his ten surviving children. In May, he spent a few weeks with Dr. Brainard, of Philadelphia. Returning, he passed several days at Orange, N. J., at the residence of Prof. Mason. Shortly afterward he took a trip into New England, revisiting the scenes of his early school days at Guilford, Conn., where he married his first wife in 1799. In New Haven, President Day and Professor Silliman talked over with him the events of early college life.

Every Sunday morning the venerable man is still seen in his pew in Plymouth Church—leaning upon his cane like Jacob upon his staff—the father sitting at the feet of the son. But it cannot be long before God will call him from the earth's sanctuary to the heavenly. To his departure, peace! To his memory, honor!—N. Y. Independent.

On Tuesday, of last week, while the British man-of-war Nile was on her way to Portland, one of the seamen accidentally fell overboard. A comrade immediately jumped over to save him; but both of them were drowned before assistance could be rendered from the vessel.

The Bangor Times says a gang of horse swindlers infest that city and its suburbs. A lad visiting that city with a valuable horse belonging to his father, was victimized by them recently. Under pretence of trading, the swindlers took the lad's horse out of the shafts, substituted a cheaper one and drove off. They then put the captured beast through a succession of swaps, but were finally detected, and the horse recovered.

The earthquake Wednesday morning caused the steeple of a church in Northfield, Vt., to bend, and in Hallowell the houses shook so that the door bells were made to ring.

On Thursday of last week, two women in Frye Village, N. H., got into a quarrel, when one struck a blow at the child of the other such a blow that it died in a few minutes.

The price of the present bridge across the Kennebec river at this city has been fixed at \$2,000, and the commissioners of the Free Bridge Company are making efforts to obtain a transfer, which they will doubtless accomplish in a short time.—Augusta Journal.

The Augusta Farmer states that arrangements have been made for building during this winter a new steamer, to run in connection with the T. F. Steer between that city and Portland—thus forming a daily line.

Wolves. These ferocious animals are very numerous about Melville at this time, and have lately been committing serious depredations among the sheep in that vicinity.—Augusta Journal.

A potato weighing 4 1/2 pounds has been produced in Androscoggin county.

An idiot in Kentucky, who required constant watching, escaped from his friends a fortnight ago, and after some hours search, was found pursuing the topmost branch of a large tree. He was either so dazed, or so tired, or so overcome with grief, that he was so horribly crushed that he died instantly.

The New Yorkers are talking about the probability of having gardens as the roots of their houses.

In the eighty nine days that intervened between the Prince of Wales landing at St. John's and his departure from Portland, he traveled 481 miles, gave as far west as St. Louis, south to Richmond, and north to Ottawa. His sea voyages are to be added, more than doubling the distance traveled from home.

An Iowa farmer who failed to sell his land last spring at \$20 per acre, settled \$23 per acre from the proceeds he has just harvested.

The total amount of the auction for which the objects of art lot by the late Alexander Von Humboldt were sold is 10,000 thalers. Humboldt's scientific instruments, and the large gold and silver coins of considerable value, were not included in the sale.

Animal life in California is subject to remarkable development. Fast horses are often seen there in harness at two years old. It is a well established fact that "full grown" cattle raised in the East, often increase in size when they reach the Pacific Coast. Farm stock of all descriptions attains its full development much earlier in California than in any other portion of the United States.

On the river Ouelle, in Kamouraska, Canada, the late earthquake was more severe than anywhere else. The buildings on both sides of the river suffered considerable damage—chimneys were toppled over with the shock, the cross of the church fell, and pictures thrown from walls.

They have a mountain in Oregon which the settlers believe to be a mass of silver, and worth at least a calculation, \$1,000,000,000,000! Claims are 100 feet front, and run to the top of the mountain. Notwithstanding its apparent richness, many of the miners will no doubt leave it alone.

A schoolmaster of Montreal who had been somewhat of an enthusiast in the science of geology, has recently made a good hit by which he pockets the sum of \$200,000. He took a lease of a tract of land near Acton, on the Grand Trunk railroad, upon which a little copper had been picked up by the farmer who owned it. Setting to work, he soon developed a magnificent copper mine, which has just been sold for \$500,000, of which he receives three fifths.

**The Bethel Courier.**

## MAILS.

Arrive close as follows:—  
To Portland, 10 A. M.  
To Island Pond, 4 P. M.

**ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.**  
Leaving train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10:30 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4:15 P. M.

## RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7:30 P. M., in the following churches:—  
First Congregational, Rev. Mr. Wagoner, Pastor.  
Second Congregational, Rev. Mr. HARRIS, Pastor.  
Pulvermill, Rev. Mr. GAINES, Pastor.

## MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

At day openings at 6 1/2 o'clock, at the vestry.  
In the Church, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meetings on Saturday evenings.

The following is a superscription of a letter written by an Englishman to the President of the United States. It exhibits a strange degree of ignorance of the affairs of our country. The writer of the letter seemed to think that the American ships were under the supervision of the President. Also, that he resides at New York, that he was Secretary of War, and that there were only thirteen states. We should think that the good man must have just awake from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, when he wrote his letter.

"My Country Ship, United States, America, New York, &c."

"The Right Honorable the Secretary of War, at War, And President of New York, presiding over the 13 United States."

A few days since, in Lewiston, an

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the reports were heard in this place. Mr. Hiram Jackson and Mr. Hiram Jackson were at work in a field back of Mr. Jackson's residence. Mr. Jackson's wife, who was standing in the door-yard of Mr. Edward P. Chase, also heard the reports, distinctly. Mr. Bailey says that in "war times," when he was a Portland he was attached to the force that threw up the battery on Fish Point. After the war was completed, he charged the reports of which were also heard at this place.

We notice by the Journal that the reports were heard at Lewiston, a distance of 40 miles from Portland.—Oxford Item.

On the morning of the 13th, a negro, in the employ of Robert Floyd, Louisville, Ky., discovered a fellow in the house retreating with a basket of silver plate. The thief decamped, the negro pursuing. The thief began to gain upon the negro, when the latter sized and hurled a large stone, which brought him to the ground. His bag going one way and the basket of silver another. The negro recovered the plate, and kept the hat as his perquisite.

The Milwaukee, Wis. Sentinel says there are now about 1000 orphans in that city, rendered so by the *Lady Elgin* calamity.

It is said that Ex-President Tyler now 75 years old, and looking more robust and younger than when he occupied the White House, has an infant daughter only two months old.

The Auburn prison, during the fiscal year which has just closed, has earned a surplus of \$25,000 over expenses.

Rev. Mr. Burgess, pastor of the Freeville Baptist Church at Lewiston, has resigned his charge, and is about to accept an invitation to the pastorate of a church in Haverhill, Mass.

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First Congreg., Rev. Mr. WARRICK.  
Second Congreg., Rev. Mr. GARDNER.  
Third Congreg., Rev. Mr. GAINES.

MEETING FOR PRAYER.

At 8 o'clock, at 6:15 o'clock, at the vestry.  
At 10 o'clock, Tuesday evening. Prayer Meeting on Saturday evening.

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Deaths.

In West Bethel Sept. 30th Nathaniel E. Goodhue, aged 19 years.

FARMER'S EXCHANGE!

The subscriber, having purchased a new stock of goods wanted by everybody, consisting in part of:

GROCERIES,

DRY GOODS,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Fancy Goods,

Paints & Oils, Patent Medicines,

Crockery and Glass Ware, Hard-

Ware of all kinds, Barn-door trucks

of all sizes, Oven, Ash and Boiler

Mouths, Cauldron Kettles, all sizes,

Cooking Stoves, different patterns,

or sale very low for cash or ap-

proved credit, Box and Cider

Stoves, for office, all of which will

be sold cheap.

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AMBROTYPES!

THE SUBSCRIBER would most respectfully inform the inhabitants of Bethel and vicinity that he has Room, formerly occupied by J. E. Smith, on Main Street, where he is now ready to furnish each and every one with

GOOD LIKENESSES,

For 25 Cents

and upwards, with

Perfect Satisfaction, or no Sale.

Call and Examine Specimens.

J. D. MITCHELL.

August 2, 1860.

Artist.

—*Am. Union*—



